

WAL WHO STOLE WIFE BEST MAN AT SECOND WEDDING

Alvord Telegraphs Invitation
After He Makes Up With
Former Sweetheart.

WRITES OF ELOPEMENT.

Wesner Says He Kicked Woman
Out a Few Weeks After
Marrying Her.

CAMDEN, March 15.—To prove that he holds no enmity against Paul Wesner, who eloped with his wife, paid her expenses in getting a divorce, married her and then repented, George Alvord of this city today sent a telegram to Wesner at Seattle, Wash., asking him to come to Camden and act as best man at his wedding, which will take place in a few weeks. Assistant City Solicitor Albert S. Woodruff, who is Alvord's attorney, will act as best man in case Wesner does not come on from the Pacific coast for the purpose.

Alvord's second wife-to-be is as yet Miss Matilda Cross, whose pictures show a handsome woman. She is thirty-four years of age and now lives at Rose Bud, Minn., where she owns a farm of 140 acres. This farm loomed large in the early life of both Miss Cross and Alvord. In the most recent letter Alvord had from Miss Cross she said she had about closed negotiations for the sale of the farm and that she expected to start East on March 25. The marriage long delayed could take place, she said, just as soon as they could conform to the needful formalities as to license.

TWO FARMS FIGURE IN RE-NEWED ROMANCE.

Woodruff's most recent business transaction for Alvord was to sell for him a farm of about two hundred acres at Devil's Lake, North Dakota. That sale and the sale of the farm of the bride-to-be is in the nature of a romantic compromise. Alvord and his bride will live in Camden. That, too, seems to be in the nature of a compromise, also romantic.

Alvord is the same age as the woman he is to marry. His second wife was born at Freedom, Alleghany County, Wisconsin. Miss Cross was born in the same place. Alvord and she grew up together, played together, went to the same school and as they neared maturity age became engaged to marry. Just before a wedding date was fixed a difficulty arose. Miss Cross had come into possession of the farm at Rose Bud and her husband-to-be should live there. Alvord had purchased the Devil's Lake farm and decided he and his bride should live on it. Miss Cross refused to go to Devil's Lake.

WENT TO HER FARM AND MADE A FORTUNE.

Alvord acquiesced the idea of going to Rose Bud. The end of the dispute was that Miss Cross went to Rose Bud and has made a fortune out of it. Disheartened by the outcome of his romance, Alvord always allowed others to run the Devil's Lake farm, although he continued to own it.

Miss Cross started for Rose Bud alone one morning nine years ago. That afternoon Alvord also left Freedom, Minn., but his destination was Milwaukee. There he met Agnes Eckert, pretty daughter of a prosperous contractor, and they were married after a short courtship. The next day Alvord left for a time and there met Paul Wesner, who had a position on the ranch.

Alvord and his wife came East, and in 1907 settled in Camden. They had been here only a few weeks when Wesner drifted in and was taken into the household as a boarder. Two years later, Alvord furnished the Camden police with pictures of his wife and Wesner, and they went out an alarm, asking for the arrest and detention of the couple. Alvord heard no more of them until he received a letter from Wesner a short time ago. Wesner was in Spokane.

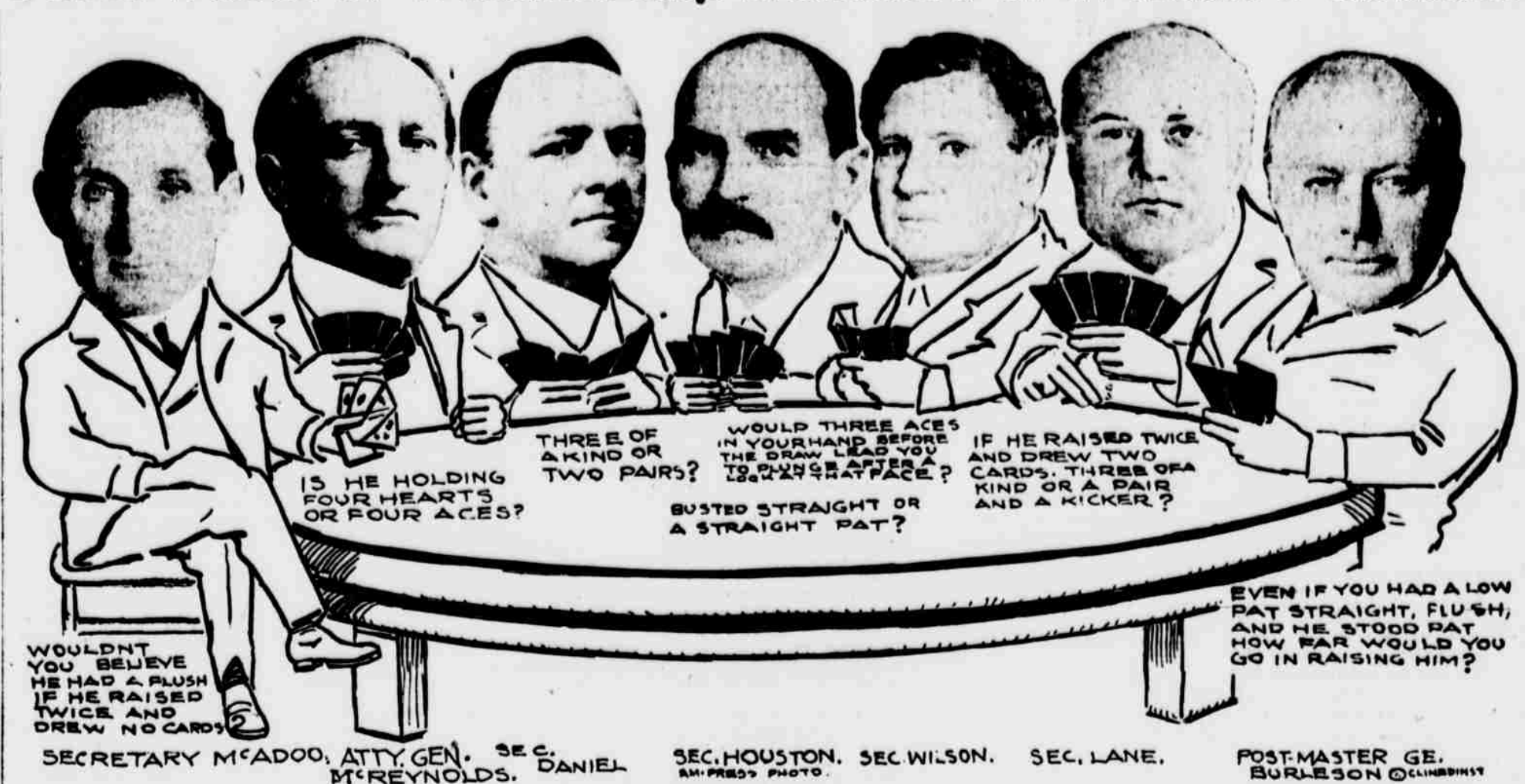
DIDN'T LIVE LONG WITH WIFE HE STOLE.

Alvord wrote to Wesner and received this reply: "Friend George: You said in a letter some time ago that if I married Agnes as soon as I could you would consider me your best friend. I married her all right, and I want to let you know that she slipped one over on me all right. Two and one-half months (from Nov. 3 to Jan. 28), is all the married life we had. I kicked her out of bed one night and left her. George, I want to beg a thousand pardons for the wrongs and insults I did to you. Too many cigarettes, too much beer, shame and disgrace. I couldn't stand it, and am asking for a divorce now. You can give me the laugh, George, but if my witnesses don't fall me I will prove the charges. I fled against her to-day and got my decree, and I can laugh with you. Alimony she will get—NOT."

"George, he said that I helped you to get free from the woman. I paid for her divorce. You can give me the laugh, George, but if my witnesses don't fall me I will prove the charges. I fled against her to-day and got my decree, and I can laugh with you. Alimony she will get—NOT."

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Poker Faces of Whiskerless Members of Wilson's Cabinet



Barring Redfield With His Whiskers, Each Member Has Visage to Conceal Feelings—McAdoo's Is a Puzzle—Bryan, McReynolds, Lane, Daniels, Burlinson All Could Make Pair Look Like a Flush.

By Martin Green.
(Staff Correspondent of The Evening World.)

WASHINGTON, March 15.—The Cabinet of President Wilson has been called the high-brow Cabinet and the whiskerless Cabinet. Even the foliage of Mr. Redfield of Brooklyn but faintly mars the symmetry of the array of hairless frontpieces that encircle the table when the Cabinet is in session, and as for high-brows there isn't another aggregation of altitudinous foreheads to match the Wilson Cabinet outside the Dutch Treat Club of New York, which is made up of poets, novelists and artists.

Giving the Wilson Cabinet all the credit due for a batting average of bare faces aggregating .900—the President not included in the calculation—has anybody yet thought to analyze the Wilson official family from along the line of visages equipped for the royal American game of poker?

We know not. And in this frame of mind we shall proceed to show that on the basis of outward appearances President Wilson's Cabinet ought to be able to play the grandest game of poker that has brought about a transfer of chips since the inventor of the game first skinned down his hand and peeked at the corners of his five cards. **WILSON AND REDFIELD COUNTERED OUT OF THE GAME.**

President Wilson and Secretary Redfield are out of the running in this tabulation. The President has a good poker face, but it is safe to bet that he doesn't know a thing about the game. A working knowledge of poker might be a good thing for him before he gets through with the game of politics. As for Mr. Redfield, nobody would play poker with a man with side whiskers.

How about Jennings Bryan a poker face? Ask Charles F. Murphy, Roger Sullivan and others who have played politics with him. Although Mr. Bryan's visage is usually and has been called the map of a preacher, he can use it to conceal his feelings in a way most remarkable.

We doubt if Mr. Bryan plays poker. But we would hate to sit across from him with all our yellow chips in the pot and figure on whether we ought to buy another stack on what we could learn about his hand from the expression on his face. If Bryan drew one card, would you figure him to be holding four hearts or four aces? We pause for a reply.

And Mr. William McAdoo, the Secretary of the Treasury? Look, children, and see what an open face Mr. McAdoo has. Why, he looks like a man who carries his thoughts pasted on his countenance like bills on a board. If we would figure him to be holding a small hand—were we sitting in a game of poker with Mr. McAdoo?

Think of the feelings he must have hidden behind his smile when he went up to New York and started to enlist capital in the plan to build a tunnel under the Hudson River? Think of the must have possessed when he enlisted millions and millions in Wall street, and made the contributors believe they were putting their money into something that would bounce said money right back at them like rubber!

SECRETARY McADOO'S FACE WOULD BE A PUZZLER.

Were Mr. McAdoo sitting at your left pushing in his chips and you had just opened on a pair of jacks, would you figure him for better than opens or an interrupted flush? Look at his face and ponder.

Speaking of Mr. McReynolds, the Attorney-General, his face was grown for poker—and he comes from Tennessee! Administering the affairs of his office will be like a game of poker to him. Matched against him will be the cunningest legal minds in the country.

We wonder what Mr. Lamey Nicol would do—picking out Mr. Nicol solely for the purpose of illustration—should he resolve a legal battle against the Attorney-General in behalf of a corporation down to a poker game? Would Mr. Nicol decide himself with the belief that Mr. McReynolds is trailing

along behind the opener had less than three face cards? Not to any great extent. Besides the more childlike and bland the expression of Mr. McReynolds the higher Mr. Nicol would figure the value of Mr. McReynolds's cards.

Passing on to the next exhibit, we come to the benign visage of Joseph Daniels, Secretary of the Navy. Why, dog gone it! down where Mr. Daniels comes from in North Carolina poker is not only the favorite indoor sport but the favorite outdoor sport. They play poker in North Carolina in the street cars.

Now, take Joseph Daniels and suppose that he were sitting in a game and his face suddenly became creased with a lot of humorous wrinkles and the corners of his mouth curled upward in a smile and he remarked: "Well, I'll just bet a white chip and see if anybody wants to raise"—what would be the proper thing to do? Would it be wise to play Joseph for a pair of fours or for three sevens and a pair of nines? Doggone if we know. Size up his poker face and figure it out.

HAS A POKER FACE LIKE THAT OF GEORGE W. PERKINS.

Oh, look at the little mustache on Secretary Houston of Missouri! If he only had that mustache on top of his head, the apex of his forehead, it wouldn't be nearly so far from the tip of his nose. Could he hold a pair of aces and an ace for a kicker, stand two raises and call for two cards without the flicker of an eyelash? We reckon he could. He looks to be about the same kind of a poker player George W. Perkins would be—one of those who can look honestly surprised when he shows the winning hand.

Secretary Wilson of the Department of Labor has Scotch blood. Any poker player would be glad to have a face like his. If he had ever started in to partner a little change by toying with the cards—would he never did—he could have made a name and a bankroll for himself.

If Secretary Wilson refused to draw cards and raised and when it came around to him he raised again wouldn't you think from looking at his face that he had a straight flush? Of course you would. And all the time he might not have anything better than a full house. Maybe Secretary Lane of the Department of Commerce has played poker in his experience out on the Pacific Coast. We'd like to hear from some who have played with him if that be the case. We wouldn't feel like raising the two furniture to play with him ourselves.

With the face he owns, if you opened a pot with a low pat flush and he raised you, how far would you go? Wouldn't you play him for something better than your hand? Certainly. You would toss your cards on the table face up and give on your own foot when he informed you that all he had was a couple of jacks. If you had time to look you might grab his hand and find him setting rid of a couple of pairs of jacks.

WOULD SEND MONEY HOME IF BURLINSON APPEARED.

If Secretary Burlinson of the Post Office Department were a poker player, and we went into a game and he came in we would take our money and hand it to a messenger boy and send it home. What a beautiful poker face! Secretary Burlinson has "All the way from Texas—that face!"

7-YEAR-OLD GIRL GOES 7,200 MILES ON A C. O. D. PLAN



OLNEY DECLINES AMBASSADORSHIP TO GREAT BRITAIN

Prof. Charles W. Eliot Now on the List, but He Also Will Refuse the Office.

WASHINGTON, March 15.—Richard Olney of Boston, to whom President Wilson offered the post of Ambassador to Great Britain, has declined.

His letter of refusal was received at the White House today. Mr. Olney's letter was said to be of a confidential nature and was not made public. Secretary Tamm announced that Mr. Olney had declined "for family reasons." It is understood that Mr. Olney has been in poor health and that he is now recovering from the measles he had in England some time ago. He had been in England some time ago. He had been in England some time ago.

There will be no mistake about her getting back to British Columbia. She will be in charge of the train conductor until she gets to Chicago. There she will be met by a member of the Illinois dramatic society. Her father will meet her at Spokane.

MAN CHASE IN THE BRONX.

A noisy crowd joined today in the chase of Walter Jones, a painter, of No. 125 East One Hundred and Sixty-third street, through Bronx streets by Detectives Wiltman and Wagner, who had a warrant charging him with forgery. The painter saw the detectives and, hearing that they were looking for him, he fled. He was chased for about a mile and a half before he was caught. He was taken to the station and charged with forgery.

7-YEAR-OLD GIRL GOES 7,200 MILES ON A C. O. D. PLAN

Stopped Here on Way to England, She Returns to Victoria, B. C., Alone.

Lenore Colbold, aged seven, is not averting for a travelling companion. Indeed she would resent the very idea. A young lady of her maturity and international experience in travelling isn't capable of journeying without a chaperon just like to know who is. She is just as used to catching her train at the last moment, responding languidly to the last call for supper, over-tipping the porter, and acting in general with well bred ennui as the professional globe trotter.

The fact that she has to travel at all is a story connected with it. On Monday afternoon she will take a train to go back 7,200 miles to her father, T. E. Colbold of Victoria, British Columbia. She said in her own way that she felt like a C. O. D. package which is returned because no one wants it badly enough to pay the dues on it. This is not a metaphor. It is the precise condition in which the young lady finds herself.

Last December her father, who is a widower, declared that he wasn't qualified properly to bring up his daughter. He thought the child's grandfather, the proper person, and without a dollar for an answer to a letter he put her in charge of a company of tourists who were going to England and called the grandfather that being a woman's way.

But when Lenore reached New York, in the host of spirits, there was a cable from the grandfather stating that he could not go. The mother and that he could not go. The mother and that he could not go. The mother and that he could not go.

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HUNDREDS IN PERIL FROM MILLIONS OF GERMS DURING FIRE

Typhoid Cultures in Doctor's Office Threaten Neighborhood of Madison Avenue Building.

A unique danger threatened the firemen who were called to extinguish a blaze on the top floor of the six-story Madison Building, on the northwest corner of Fifty-sixth street and Madison avenue, early to-day. In recent years the former hotel has been turned into doctors' offices and laboratories, and near the fire were countless jars and bottles containing deadly cultures of typhoid, yellow fever, cholera and other diseases.

Battalion Chief Duffy and his men worked valiantly to keep the imperiled little tenants from escaping, and succeeded. It was a woman who tipped the firemen off. Dr. Mary Halton, the suffragette leader.

Dr. Halton lives at No. 54 East Fifty-ninth street, not far from the former hotel building, and has an office in the latter. She and her guest, Miss Elizabeth M. Becker, a dental student, heard the commotion of the apparatus and seeing a glare in the direction of the doctor's office dressed and hurried over.

WARNED AGAINST ALL KINDS OF BOTTLED GERMS.

They wanted to go up in the burning building and get several valuable from Dr. Halton's office, but the police stopped them on the ground floor and declined to permit them to run the risk. Then Dr. Halton told Chief Duffy about the "bottled death" in the office of Dr. A. Higgins, a bacteriologist, on the sixth floor not far from where the flames were fiercest.

She said if the heat burst the bottles and jars and let the nimble little busybodies loose there was no telling what might happen. The firemen headed off the blaze before it reached the laboratory and not a germ escaped.

The origin of the fire is not known. Ernest Floyd is employed to look after the elevator and telephone at night for the convenience of doctors who work late. About 5 o'clock this morning he got a flash on the switchboard from Dr. Bloom's office on the sixth floor, but no one replied when he plugged in. He ran the elevator up and found the glass and woodwork around the shaft so hot it burned his hand. The heat had caused the flash.

The only persons who live in the building are Dr. Seward, the superintendent, and his wife, who have rooms on the top floor rear. Floyd rounded them and carried them down in the elevator.

SUFFRAGIST SERVES HOT COFFEE TO FIREMEN.

NEW CONTROVERSY AWAITING RETURN OF DR. FRIEDMANN

Secret of His Cultures to Be Demanded When He Gets Back from Canada.

EXPECTED TO REFUSE.

Five Hundred Cases Selected for Treatment at Various Clinics in This City.

Dr. Friedmann of Berlin, returning from a triumphal week of demonstration of his anti-tuberculosis bacillus in Canadian cities before distinguished audiences of physicians, will return to New York at noon to-morrow to confront a new controversy. The officers of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service have made a demand for the innermost secret of Dr. Friedmann's method of preparing his cultures—that by which the anti-toxin is changed from a virulent infecting agent which would start a new case of tuberculosis to a "benevolent" army of fighting bacilli which spread through the patient's system battling with the germs of the white plague.

According to Dr. M. A. Sturm of the Ansonia Hotel, who with Dr. A. C. H. Friedmann, brother of the specialist, has been attending to Dr. Friedmann's affairs here since he went to Canada Monday, Dr. Friedmann will refuse point blank to explain how this is accomplished. He has given the secret to only one man in the world, the famous Dr. Sclach of Berlin, who is administering the Friedmann treatment in Berlin in the inventor's absence.

Yet the government has announced that unless Dr. Friedmann meets every test in proving the safety and usefulness of his treatment he will not be allowed to send or carry his cultures from one State to another and will not be permitted to import it into this country.

Dr. A. C. H. Friedmann and Dr. Sturm have worked sixteen hours a day over the thousands of applications made by mail and in person at the hotel for treatment of tuberculosis sufferers. They have selected five hundred cases with regard to whom data has been submitted that seems to the physicians to offer a chance of benefit. These five hundred will be treated at clinics to be arranged at the People's and other hospitals.

Among the cases selected is that of Dr. J. S. Atkinson, who came to New York from Wisconsin to seek aid from Dr. Friedmann. To get to the railroad Dr. Atkinson had to walk nine miles from his home on snow-shoes. His case aroused the sympathy of Dr. Friedmann's associates and they have promised that he shall have an injection of the fluid.

PEARY SAILS FOR ROME TO BE AT POLAR MEETING.

Goes to International Geographical Conference as Representative of U. S.; to Be Decorated Abroad.

Rear-Admiral Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., discoverer of the North Pole, sailed today on the Koenig Albert of the North German Lloyd line, bound for Rome, where he has been ordered to attend the Tenth International Geographical Conference, which begins April 10, and the International Polar Commission meeting, which follows. With him sailed his wife, his daughter Marie, and son Robert Jr., and Herbert L. Bridgman of Brooklyn, who was also ordered to Rome as representative of the United States at the Congress.

While in Italy Rear-Admiral Peary will receive several decorations, but will make no addresses other than those ordered by his commission.

Contrary to his usual abrupt, aloof manner when interviewed in times of excitement, the explorer was the height of courtesy and cordiality to-day, bustling about collecting members of his party for newspaper men and photographers and stating in detail his plans while abroad.

"I expect to remain abroad until June," he said. "This trip is made under orders from the Secretary of the Navy and I will not be present at the Congress in any personal capacity."

Rear-Admiral Peary refused to name the societies which have offered him decorations while abroad, but it is understood he will receive three medals.

Blow that the Giant Will Die.

Peter Stoler came here last night from Spokane, Wash., on his way back to Russia, with nearly \$2,000 in money orders in his pockets. He went to the Pennsylvania House, at Desbrosses and West streets, and, securing a room, blew out the gas and retired. Stoler was this morning taken to the Hudson Street Hospital, dying.



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will hold, on Monday, March 17th, the following Special Sales:

Misses' and Small Women's Tailor-made Suits, Misses' Coats, Little Children's Coats and Imported Hand-embroidered Dresses, Men's, Women's, and Children's Hosiery, Women's Marabou Boas, and French Wool Eponge.

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You Will Find Printed About:

3,500 "HELP WANTED" ADS.—
1,200 "SITUATION WANTED" ADS.—
1,500 "TO LET" ADS.—
1,000 "REAL ESTATE" ADS.—
500 "BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY" ADS.—
1,000 MISCELLANEOUS ADS.

In the Big Sunday World To-Morrow

And they will all get a circulation in New York City greater than if published in the Sunday Herald, Times, Sun, Tribune and Press ADDED TOGETHER.

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